Subject: Chat with Joshua Hawkins
From: Joshua Hawkins <josh.r.hawk@gmail.com>
To: barriticus@gmail.com

me: lol hai
me: guess which girl who dumped me two weeks ago came crawling back?
Joshua: ummmm... heidi
Joshua: ?
me: and now has to make do with being one of my three girlfriends?
me: little Uffie of course!
me: I mean Shanna!
Joshua: oh right
Joshua: that's amazing news
Joshua: (11:18:24 AM) John Ruiz: http://i.imgur.com/ztS7Y.jpg , lolololololool!!!!!!!
Joshua: john send you that
Joshua: ?
me: she also has to live with the knowledge that this other girl and I are having wild sex and writing about it for the New York Press
me: I already saw that, I read reddit
me: gonna write my half of the sex column for sex hookers today
Joshua: i want more girls - i need a new job so i'll have more free time for cheating and such
me: you're not home today, are you?
Joshua: nope
me: gotcha
me: well sir
Joshua: boohoo
me: get you more girls
me: it's ridiculous
Joshua: need more time for girls
me: I met another girl on okcupid who finished her first pilot recently
me: is from Dallas
me: and whose name is Barrett
me: or Brown
me: she said we had the same name
Joshua: i don't have enough time to cheat
me: well sir
Joshua: that's odd a female barrett brown from dallas
me: too busy having sex with your actual girlfriend, eh?
Joshua: i think the universe will rupture
me: YOU ARE MISUNDERSTANDING ME
Joshua: oh - forgive me

Joshua: pardon
Joshua: i think liz ellis is in town
Joshua: for some reason
Joshua: and sleeping at our place
Joshua: Shit... I'm a motherfucker, I'll fuck your mother. Take me home to meet your parents and I'll steal $50 bucks out of your dad's wallet and goose your mom on the way out...
me: I know, I'm supposed to hang with her on Friday
me: YOU A BAD BOY FROM DETROIT
Joshua: i'm channeling violent j
Joshua: its terrible
me: YA'LL NINJAS GOTTA BE CAREFUL
me: As a general rule of thumb, I don't role play on the first date because I'm more scintillating than needing a Catholic schoolgirl uniform or a corset to arouse a man's interest. If you've got to bust out costumes and safe words before knowing each other's stance on how a roll of toilet paper should be hung and having five kids, you should seriously reevaluate your life. But there was something appealingly wholesome about him, so all-American - like cowboy boots, medium rare bacon cheeseburgers and Monday night football - that I just couldn't resist. It was never a conscious decision on my part to play rape with him, nor was it pre-planned the second time when I feigned sleep as he took me from behind. We started out as most average folks would on a first date: sitting beside each other on a couch, sharing a mug of cheap vodka mixed with moderately priced juice, and talking. Within minutes, we were kissing and his hand was tangled in the demilitarized zone between my breast and bra.
me: I suggested that we move to the bedroom, not particularly comfortable crumpled between the cracked vinyl couch and a medium sized dog that was intent on joining our amorous coupling. In that tiny room, made even more claustrophobic by hand-drawn illustrations pasted over the windows, I let my date jam his condom-clad cock into me. He had me pressed against the bed with me on my stomach, and I, in a fit of inspiration, turned to him and asked in the most husky voice I could muster, "Are you going to rape me?" This is not a logical question to ask someone who is already fucking you with your consent, but it served to effectively establish the mood. His reaction was to fuck me harder, faster, as I bucked pseudo-helplessly beneath him, attempting to free myself, but ultimately allowing him deeper penetration.
Round two was a few hours later, after I had dozed off, fully dressed. I woke up to find him sweetly spooning me, and I reached behind to grab his cock. It was hard. I was wet. He leaped from the bed to retrieve another condom from the other room while I feigned sleep, curled on my side. Again, from behind, I felt him pressing into me, his hands roaming beneath my clothing before finding my erect nipples to pinch. Quietly I moaned, but kept my body still, allowing him access.
me: "Should I take my dress off?" I whispered.
"No, keep it on. It maintains the illusion," he replied, thrusting into me. I closed my eyes again and pretended to sleep.

For a first date, I would consider this a rousing success: two fucks, albeit under the guise of rape and domination. I've been on dinner dates where I wouldn't even blow the guys who insisted on paying. All he'd done was pour me a drink and I'd let him do whatever he wanted to me. I felt like a whore, and guess what? I liked it.
Joshua: it's kind of difficult to read about the details of your encounter from a third party i've never met - but sounds like a bangin' time and in the words of violent j -"Hell yeah. Baggy ass pants and a stomach shirt with them little underwear strings coming up over her hips... hell yeah. That's my shit. I Never get them though, they don't like me. Because I'm a big, fat, tall, gumpy giant and I scare bitches. I'm too loud and crazy."
Joshua: i'm proud of you son